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The Balance, AND COLUMBIAN REPOSITORY.

" HAIL SACRED POLITY, BY FREEDOM REAR'D !
" HAIL SACRED FREEDOM, WHEN BY LAW RESTRAIN'D !"
BEATTIE.

HUDSON, (New-York) TUESDAY, March 15, 1804.

Original.

Hither the products of your closet-labors bring,
Enrich our columns, and instruct mankind.

FOR THE BALANCE.

- - - - " Tho' proud in place,
Some courtiers are of reptile race.
They take the serpent's dreadful form,
Bask in the Sun, and fly the storm ;
With malice hiss, with envy glote,
And for convenience *change their coat* ;
With new-got lustre rear their head,
Tho' on a dung-hill born and bred."

IT is a fact, not very honorable to mankind, that the poſſeſſion of high places in the ſtate, is no certain proof of great talents or honeſty. Men frequently riſe into power, without any other recommendation than violent party-zeal ; and cunning intrigue is often more ſucceſsful than integrity. Indeed, bad men have become ſo proſperous—depraved characters are ſo often found in elevated ſtations, that a man can hardly get into office, without incurring ſuſpicion.——Leaving every true patriot to mourn over this wretched ſtate of our country, I proceed to examine and expound my text.

The progreſs of the courtier (or the Sham-Patriot) from the dung-hill to the place of authority, is now ſo diſtinctly marked, that the moſt careleſs obſerver, can find no difficulty in tracing it. Men, who are raiſed from obſcurity by their vices, always purſue a ſerpentine track.—Their courſe is devious and uncertain. They are known by their puerile efforts to force themſelves up the glittering ſteep of proſperity—by their malicious hiſſings ; and by impotently darting their poiſonous tongues at every object that interferes with them. Their whole life preſents nothing but a conſtant round of iniquity and deception. Before they are put in poſſeſſion of power, they are the moſt humble, cringing, creeping, modeſt people in the world : But, once put the rod of authority into their hands, and it is immediately converted into *iron*. They purſue a ſyſtem of violence, perſecution and injuſtice, that diſgraces the government under which they act. Vain of their " new-got luſtre," they lord it over their fellow-men, with as much inſolent pride, as if they had totally forgotten the lowly ſtate from whence they ſprung.——Other traits of falſe patriotiſm might be noted.

The Sham-Patriot, who flies to the mountains, and conceals himſelf in caverns in the day of difficulty and danger, is always remarkable for baſking in ſunſhine. When the ſky lowers—when tempeſts roar—when the ſtorm approaches—when enemies threaten—when traitors conſpire—then ſteps forth the true patriot, the real friend of his country, in all his majeſty—then ſkulks the Sham-Patriot to his den of ſafety. But when the clouds are diſpelled—when the ſun appears in meridian ſplendor—when the country proſpers—when the affairs of the nation are in " the full tide of ſucceſsful experiment"—then comes the Sham-Patriot, ſtrutting from his hiding-place.

The *changing of coats* has ever been a very convenient and profitable expedient with Sham-Patriots. The man who is ſo inattentive to his own intereſt, as always to wear one face, is frequently compelled to give way to ſome " accommodating trimmer," ſome politician of eaſy virtue, who can change with the times, and dreſs to ſuit all ſeaſons. It ſometimes happens that men who are noted for their love of office, are denied the boon they crave, on account of the depravity of their characters. *Changing of coats* has been known to be the conſequence of the diſappointment. Sometimes, too, there appears in the world, a politician, ſo remarkably democratic, ſo obedient to the will of the people, that he never can, for a moment, belong to a minority. Such a man will always cling to the ſtrongeſt ſide—he will hold offices under all adminiſtrations—and will be *equally* true to all parties.

The people have it in their power to put down every ſpecies of Sham-Patriotiſm. By ſelecting good men only, for office—by diſcountenancing knavery, as well in, as out of office, the ſtate may ſoon be purged of its impurities. But, it may be anſwered, the people have not this power, in all caſes. Many officers are not choſen directly by the people ; and knaves, trimmers or turncoats, who could not procure any office, by the ſuffrages of the people, are elevated to the higheſt places. Though this may, in a degree, be true, ſtill the people are enabled to remedy the evil, in their choice of the governor, and members of the legiſlature ; and this it is their duty to do. But, it may again be ſaid, the people are not left to exerciſe their own judgment, in theſe affairs, for all nominations are made at the ſeat of government, by the members of the legiſlature themſelves.—This I boldly anſwer, is the very eſſence of Sham-Patriotiſm.

TOUCHSTONE.

Political.

[In the following publication, the editor of the *Charleston Courier* has given us a glowing sketch of the present situation of the state of New-York. Though the colouring may, in parts, appear rather too high, still, it must be acknowledged, that the lines of the portrait are drawn with great accuracy and justice. Edit. Bal.]

FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

THE abuse of power has time out of mind been a pregnant topic of discontent. The complaint of it is often a stepping stone to power, power a stepping stone to abuse, and abuse again to complaint, and thus they run on a mill-horse round, furnishing the base trader in politics with means of deception and of profit, at the expence, not only of the public purse (that is comparatively a trifling evil) but of the public tranquility and comfort. In fact those who are greatest complainers when they have no share in the government or power of the state, never fail to give the greatest cause of complaint when they get into it. The most lewd, babbling hound of the whole pack of demagogues, always becomes the most thorough paced fawning courtier—and he who when *out* boasts most of his own purity, and most loudly impeaches that of others, never fails when *in* to become corrupt even to rottenness. The very abuses which that description of men when in office practice, are the very things which furnish them with all the topics by which when out of office they endeavour to render government in the abstract odious to the people. In truth power appears not more odious or more mischievous in their invectives, when as demagogues they adulate and beguile the people, than it is made by their practices when as public officers they plunder and oppress them. The people see it, yet the people never mend. They listen with languishing regard to the demagogue of to-day, who is to be their betrayer to-morrow, though all the while he is reminding them that he who is their betrayer and plunderer to-day was but yesterday their demagogue and idol.

It was from a correct view of the heart of man as he is ever found to act in a political capacity, and a conviction of the truths we have stated above, that the federalists repeatedly foretold, and over and over again apprized the people, exhorting them to keep the prediction in remembrance, that as soon as ever those flaming sons of licentiousness under the abused name of liberty, the democrats, got into power, they would soon demonstrate to the conviction of the country what their real views were—whether they sought power to use it for patriotic purposes, or for the purpose of peculation; and that as soon as they got the vigilant guardians of the state out of power and themselves fast in it, their ambition and avarice would be too many for their prudence, and they would fall out with each other in a scramble for office, influence and pelf. Those predictions are verified, and the party which by art and gross misrepresentation of their adversaries, and if it were possible still more to themselves, ousted the federalists, present at this moment to the northward a spectacle to the public eye the most ridiculous, and if a people could be improved by such things, the most edifying imaginable. The game of the French from 1792 to 1796, is playing there in all its parts, and all its modes—the stake is the same—the object the same—the principle the same—words run equally high, and the words are pretty nearly the same, as those of which the French jacobins made use at that detestable period.—Assassination is not commited it is true—*as yet* it is only preached. The guillotine is not as yet erected in the streets—it still remains locked up in the bosom; but if we are to form a conjecture from the language which is held, it is probable that we shall soon hear of the stiletto, the poinard, and the *national razor*, (so the French called the guillotine) making some citizens *bite the dust*.

The divisions of party and the scuffles of conflicting factions have, in all countries, been sufficiently derogatory to the human character. In France alone has it been completely atrocious and disgraceful. That assassination was contemplated and inculcated in imitation of the French, by the English Jacobins, is certain, but it was only in their private clubs, where every monster who recommended and attempted to justify it, knew he was speaking to monsters like himself. But they also knew the broad and deep foundation of John Bull's humanity and justice too well, to venture upon a public promulgation of such principles. That society must be far gone indeed in wickedness among whom it would be indured to have such horrible purposes even darkly insinuated. In what stage of this damnable descent those must be who propound ever so loosely, "such horrible imaginings," we will not venture to say. Let our readers make up each his own opinion on the subject.

The public Journals of New-York at this moment present an afflicting display of the abominable evils to which the spirit of party when unrestrained by legal provisions, will drive a people. *There* things run little short of dagger-drawing and throat-cutting.

It is no longer a contest between the two principles of Federalism and Anti-Federalism: but between Anti-Federalists and Anti-Federalists. Having driven the Federalists from the field, and completely routed them for the present, they have set fire to the camp, and broken into the town, and are now scuffling for the booty. To speak less figuratively, a schism has taken place between them, as was often predicted. The *Mountain* & the *Moderates*, under the name of *Clintonians* and *Burrites* are at it pell-mell, cutting, hacking, slashing, and tearing each other's eyes out, scolding and mobbing like Poissardes, while the *Marseillois* of the dray, the car, and the cart, are whetting their weapons to drive their political lectures into the heads of the people, and

> Prove their doctrine orthodox,
> By Jacobinic stabs and knocks,

while some of the public prints sound the charge to the tune of the *Marseillois Hymn* or *Ca ira*. *Beautiful Airs* no doubt! which many love for something besides the music—for "*An Undescribable Something*"—But, readers, "*I'll not tell you what;*" because it must lead to an inquiry that would louse us both into the depths of Mr. Locke, and the whole doctrine of the Association of Ideas, and stick us fast, up to the knees, in the mud of Metaphysics.

The famous Lord North (his name has probably been heard of before now in America) once speaking of the father of the present Lord Hutchinson, old Hely Hutchinson, who was once Provost of Dublin College, a King's Council, a Minister of State, an officer in the army, besides many other things, said, "If I were to give that little man all *England, Ireland, and Scotland*, for an estate, he would beg the *Isle of Man* for a cabbage garden." The same voracious appetite attends the persons in question. They are not content with ingulphing the government, and altering the constitution, but they want to alter the Charter of New-York, that they may ingulph the municipal government of that place, and have it to themselves. A New-York paper states, that at a Democratic meeting held to concert measures for that purpose, a leader of the party styled *Clintonian*, swore "BY THE ETERNAL GOD, "that for the sake of opposing Mr. Burr, "he would raise an army, head it himself, "and lead his followers to the gates of "Hell." This is the right mountain language, held in the National Assembly of France, by Legendres the butcher, when legislator of the shambles. We are glad to hear however, that such men have the grace to name *The Eternal God* at all, though it be only in an oath. What is sinful in good men, may appear something like virtuous in bad. Should the gentle-

man whoever he is, equip his army, and march on the expedition he has propoſed, (to Hell,) we wiſh ſucceſs to his *laudable* enterprize.

We have often taken occaſion to mention, and the haggard aſpect of an afflicted world, wearied and waſted with looking on in fear and aſtoniſhment upon the tranſactions which have paſſed in France during the revolution, bear teſtimony to the horrors and abominations of that period. Conſidering that murder was let looſe by the authorities exiſting at the time in France, and it is reſtrained by law in America, we do not know that there is to be found in the whole progreſs of the French revolution a peice of more daring impudent depravity and wickedneſs, than a paragraph in one of thoſe papers. Reader! contemplate it; it needs no comment—it ſpeaks for itſelf. The writer having obſerved, that Governor Clinton's declaration reſpecting Mr. Jefferſon at Mr. Burr's houſe muſt, it made at all, have been made in confidence, and that the expoſing them now to the public is an act of baſeneſs, he thus concludes—

"Any man, who after this ſhall conſide "in the wretch who has publiſhed or au- "thoriſed the publication of this anecdote, "will deſerve to *be ſtabbed to the heart by "the poignard of an aſſaſſin in the unſuſ- "pecting moments of ſleep.*"

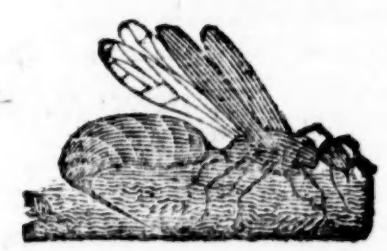
This outrageous conflict in New-York, occaſioned by the laudible revolt of the ſecond perſonage in rank in the antifederal party, from the proceedings of the Executive, the honeſt deſertion of leading perſons in Pennſylvania, Maryland, and in Congreſs, and the oppoſition which they have to the doctrines and conduct of the partizans of the cabinet, evince that there is a ſchiſm in the party at large, and that the ſpirit of diſcontent and diviſion has got among them. For our parts, we ſpeak not of it with any ſort of malignant triumph or party delight. The country is likely to receive more diſgrace than advantages from it. The ſtorm of democratic madneſs muſt entirely paſs over, before any thing ſubſtantially good or rational can be expected to be done. So long as all thoſe who have power demonſtrably ſhow that they think neither of the country or the country's permanent good, nor of any thing but themſelves and offices, and their own private intereſts, it little avails how much they quarrel among themſelves. As Mr. Windham, in his celebrated ſpeech, ſaid of the French revolutionary quarrels, "The ſhip has been in "mutiny—there has been fighting in the "waiſt and on the forecaſtle, but the veſ- "ſel has held her courſe." So it is in this caſe, it diſgraces one party without reſtoring the other. We therefore view it only as Swift viewed the conteſt between the *Dilettanti* and *Amiteurs* about Handel and Farrinelli the Italian muſician, and can only ſay in the words of the Dean,

Strange that ſuch difference ſhould be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

EXTRACT

FROM THE COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

UNLESS the preſent legiſlature paſs a law, defining republicaniſm, and fixing it upon ſome ſolid baſis, it will, like the law about duelling, *ſlip through their fingers.* If a law ſhould not be made expreſsly upon the ſubject, it might be added by way of tail, to the one upon the "elective franchiſe." At preſent, there are various opinions about republicaniſm, cauſing contentions among the citizens, and injurious to "the rights of man." There are *democrats, republicans* and *genuine republicans*; *fine* and *ſuperfine.* In one point there ſeems to be a general agreement, that all good republicans get the beſt offices they can.



Editor's Closet.

A GOOD THING.

In the diſputes and contentions between the *terrorists* and *moderates* (the Lewiſites and Burrites) a precious confeſſion, now and then, creeps out, which ſhews how charmingly the friends of the people have managed the affairs of the ſtate for a few years paſt.—The following fact may be relied on, The whole pamphlet of Ariſtides ſcarcely furniſhes a more important one:—

A genuine republican and a real republican (both holding offices in the ſtate) having a high diſpute in Albany the other day, the Burrite, without ceremony, damn'd the whole Clinton faction for a pack of ariſtocrats; and was proceeding with great violence, when the other interrupted him with, "Pray, ſir, how do you obtain your living? To whom are you indebted for your bread? Who gave you the office which ſupports you?" The Burrite was thunderſtruck; and the Clintonian, elated with his victory, continued, "Ambroſe Spencer and De Witt Clinton had better men than yourſelf turned out of office to make room for you; and now, you ungrateful"—"Did they ſo?" interrupted the Burrite, raiſing his head and his voice, "Then all I have to ſay, is, that it was a damn'd raſcally proceeding."

ANOTHER.

Ambroſe Spencer, in a late converſation with another judge of the Supreme Court, who is ſomewhat noted for the ſeverity of his ſarcaſms, was complaining bitterly of having been deceived by a perſon who had promiſed to ſupport Morgan Lewis for Governor, and who, on the contrary, had turned out to be a rank Burrite. "Indeed, Mr. Spencer," replied the judge, "you place too much reliance on every promiſe that you receive—you think that every man means what he ſays—in fact, Mr. Spencer, *you are* TOO HONEST for a politician."

We are extremely ſorry that the partizans of Judge Lewis deem their cauſe ſo deſperate, that they dare not depend on honeſt and fair dealing. We muſt think, that if the judge cannot become governor, without the aid of the moſt abominable falſhoods, he might as well be content to remain where he is. Even if the judge is of opinion that *the truth ought not to be told to get a man out of office*, it certainly does not follow, that *lies muſt be told to get a man into office.* It has been reported in this vicinity, and, perhaps, in all parts of the ſtate beſides, that the Supreme Court, at their late ſeſſion, did unanimously confirm the opinions and doctrines, advanced by Judge Lewis, in his charge to the jury, on the trial of the editor of this paper—that the court decided, that the truth could not be given in evidence; that the jury had no right to judge of both law and fact—and that no new trial could be granted.—Every ſyllable of this report is falſe.—Neither of the queſtions before the court, were decided in any way; and we have no right to conjecture, what the deciſion will finally be.

The partizans of the judge ought not to paſs him for more than he is worth. This would not give the Burrites a fair chance. "*Honor among* —— genuine republicans," ſays the old adage.

A WISE NEWS-MONGER.

Some days ago, a moſt extraordinary rumor obtained currency in this part of the country. Bonaparte, it was ſaid, had landed in England, had fought three great battles, had routed the British army and killed the king!!!—On tracing the ſtory, we found that it had been communicated in a letter from the *honorable* E. Root, member of Congreſs, to a member of the Senate of this ſtate. The news, however, proved falſe; and we were for ſome time left to conjecture what had induced Mr. Root to invent ſuch a monſtrous *rabale*. But, the arrival of a Georgetown paper, "let the cat out of the bag" The editor of that paper ſtated that his readers complained of the ſcarcity of news; and that, to ſatisfy the public demand, he had reſolved to manufacture an article of his own. Accordingly, he began in capitals, "GREAT NEWS!" and then added the above-mentioned particulars. Mr. Root, probably getting hold of the paper while wet from the preſs caſt his eye on the "Great News," and, without obſerving the preface, diſpatched it in a letter to his friend in Albany.

Agricultural.

EXTRACT.

FROM THE SALEM GAZETTE.

MR. CUSHING,

Perhaps you will think the following extract from Dr. Anderson's Recreations a useful hint to our country friends. Yours, R.

"EVERY attentive obſerver will remark among the plants, of almoſt every kind of crop, ſome individual ſtalks which are diſtinguiſhable from the others by a greater degree of health, or luxuriance, or prolificacy, or earlineſs, or ſome other peculiarity. A friend of mine remarked many years ago a particular ſtem of peas among his earlieſt crop, which came into flower and ripened long before the others. He marked this ſtem, and ſaved the whole of its produce for ſeed.—Theſe came as much earlier as they had originally done. This produce was alſo ſaved for ſeed; and thus he obtained a particular kind of early pea, that came at leaſt a week before the beſt ſort he could buy in the ſhops, if ſown at the ſame time with them." The Dr. relates facts ſimilar to this reſpecting wheat and beans. The general idea he means to inculcate, is obvious, and extremely worthy attention."

Monitorial Department.

To aid the cause of virtue and religion.

EXTRACT

OF A LETTER FROM SIR HENRY SIDNEY, TO HIS SON.

[*From an English Publication.*]

"LET your firſt action be the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God by hearty prayer, and feelingly digeſt the words you ſpeak by continual meditation, and thinking of him to whom you pray; and uſe this as an ordinary, and at an ordinary hour, whereby the time itſelf will put you in remembrance to do that which you are accuſtomed to do. In that time apply your ſtudy to ſuch hours as your diſcreet maſter doth aſſign you, earneſtly; and the time I know he will ſo limit as ſhall be both ſufficient for your learning, and ſafe for your health. And mark the *ſenſe* and the *matter* of what you read, as well as the words; ſo ſhall you both enrich your tongue with words, and your wit with matter; and judgment will grow as years grow in you. Be humble and obedient to your maſter; *for unleſs you frame yourſelf to obey others, yea, and feel in yourſelf what obedience is, you ſhall never be able to teach others how to obey you.* Be courteous of geſture, and affable to all men; there is nothing that winneth ſo much, with ſo little coſt. Uſe moderate diet; ſo as after your meal you may feel your wit *freſher*, and not *duller*; and your body more lively, and not more heavy. *Seldom* drink wine, yet *ſometimes* do; leſt, being enforced to drink upon the ſudden, you ſhould find yourſelf inflamed. Uſe exerciſe of body, but ſuch as without peril of your joints or bones. It will encreaſe your force, and enlarge your breath. *Delight to be cleanly*, as well in all parts of your perſon, as in your garments. It ſhall make you greatful in each company, but, otherwiſe, loathſome.

Give yourſelf to be *merry*. For you degenerate from your father, if you find not yourſelf moſt able in wit and body, to do any thing when you be moſt merry. But let your mirth be ever void of all ſcurrility, and biting words to any man. For a wound, given by a word, is oftentimes harder to be cured than that which is given with a ſword. Be you rather a hearer and bearer away of other men's talk, than a beginner or procurer of ſpeech, otherwiſe you ſhall be counted to delight to hear yourſelf ſpeak. If you hear a wiſe ſentence, or an apt phraſe, commit it to your memory, with reſpect of the circumſtances when you ſhall ſpeak it. Let *never* oath be heard to come out of your mouth, nor word of ribaldry. Deteſt it in others, ſo ſhall cuſtom make to yourſelf a law againſt it in yourſelf. Be modeſt in each aſſembly; and rather be rebuked of *light* fellows for maidenlike ſhamefacedneſs, than of your *ſad* friends for bold pertneſs. Think upon every word you ſpeak before you utter it; and remember how nature hath ramified up, as it were, the tongue with the teeth; yea, and hair without the lips; all betokening reins or bridles, againſt the looſe uſe of the tongue. Above all things tell no untruth, No, not in trifles. The cuſtom of it is naught; and let it not ſatisfy you that for a time the hearers take it for a truth; for after, it will be known as it is, to your ſhame. For there *cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman, than to be accounted a lyar.* Study and endeavour yourſelf to be virtuouſly occupied; ſo ſhall you make ſuch an habit of well doing in you, that you ſhall not know how to do evil, even though you would. Remember, my ſon, the noble blood you are deſcended of through your mother; and think *that only by virtuous life, and good action, you may be an ornament to that illuſtrious family*; and otherwiſe, through *vice* and ſloth, you ſhall be counted *tabes generis*, one of the greateſt curſes that can happen to man. Well, my little Philip, this is *enough* for me, and I fear *too much* for you. But if I ſhall find that this light meal of digeſtion nouriſh any thing the weak ſtomach of your young capacity, I will, as I find the ſame grow ſtronger, feed it with tougher food.

Your loving father, ſo long as you live in the fear of God,

H. SIDNEY.

Philosophical.

FOR THE BALANCE.

No. I.

MR. CROSWELL,

IF the din and clamor of politicks (which have for a long time enveloped, and drowned all the fine feelings for literature, and the nobler ſciences) will permit, I wiſh you to make it convenient to ſequeſter a little corner in your uſeful paper, in which I may, from time to time, depoſit ſome of the product of my vacant moments.

I remember that my Lord Bolingbroke has ſomewhere given this caution, that we ſhould not ſuffer, much leſs encourage, the imagination to rove in ſearch of *truth*. To know things as they are, is to know the truth. To know things as they may be, is to gueſs at truth. Judgment and obſervation lead to the one, imagination and ſpeculation to the other.—Alſo, the poet obſerves,

" Of God above or man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?"

Keeping the two above obſervations cloſely in view, and with the moſt ſtrict bridle on the reaſoning faculty, I ſhall now proceed to enquire concerning *matter*, that object of the firſt ſtudy of human beings. What then is matter? In anſwer to this, I would introduce the following Philoſophical *Theſis*, that matter is extention in ſome figure impenetrable by other extentions; or, in other words, the idea of one quantity or parcel of matter, cannot be deſtroyed by that of another. This is all I at preſent know of matter: But ſome may object and ſay, you have forgotten

that matter does attract, is heavy, &c. and this attraction is therefore an attribute, or quality, &c. that belong to the deſcription of matter. To this I ſhall anſwer in my next number.

PHILANTHROPOS.

Literary Gleanings.

FOR THE BALANCE.

VOLTAIRE very happily characterizes two negociators :—Cardinal Mazarine, and Hare the Spaniſh miniſter. The art of Mazarine lay in cunning—that of Hare in deliberation. Hare made uſe of but few words—and whatever Mazarine ſaid was equivocal. The genius of the Italian was to over-reach—that of the Spaniard to keep on his guard. It is ſaid that the Spaniard made this reflection on the cardinal :—He purſues one great error in politics, which is, that he would ever deceive.

Patriotiſm of the Hollanders in the time of Louis XIV.

What advanced the ruin of Holland ſtill more (ſays Voltaire, ſpeaking of the invaſion of that country by Louis XIV.) was, that the Marquis De Louvois had ſecretly employed Count de Benthem to purchaſe from themſelves, a great part of the ammunition deſigned for their own deſtruction ; and by this means, had diſfurniſhed their magazines. It is not in the leaſt ſurprizing, that their merchants ſhould have ſold thoſe military ſtores before a declaration of war, when they ſell them every day to their enemies, during the moſt deſperate conteſts. 'Tis known (continues he) to every one, that a merchant of that country, formerly replied to prince Maurice, who reprehended him for ſuch a traffic, "My Lord, if I could, by ſea, carry on an advantageous trade with hell, I would run the hazard of ſcorching my ſails."

Life, ſaid the Mareſchal Saxe on his death-bed, is a dream. Mine has been a very fine one—but it has been ſhort.

"What is the benefit of reading?" ſaid Louis to the duke of Vivonne. The duke, who was plump and freſh coloured, replied, "Reading, Sir, has the like effect upon the mind, with what your majeſty's partridges have upon my cheeks."

Falſe zeal, ſays Frederick of Pruſſia, is a tyrant that depopulates provinces—Toleration is a tender mother, that nouriſhes them, and makes them flouriſh.

"Troops ready to act, a full treaſury, and the vivacity of my character, were the reaſons why I made war upon Maria Thereſa, queen of Hungary and Bohemia." Thus ſpeaks Frederick of Pruſſia of himſelf. Voltaire ſays, never man, perhaps, felt reaſon more forcibly, or liſtened more attentively to his paſſions, than Frederick ; but this mixture of a philoſophic mind, and a diſorderly imagination, have ever compoſed his character.

The following epitaph, I much admire, for its conciſeneſs and beautiful ſimplicity :

St. Pavin here lies in the duſt—
Grieve for his death his readers muſt—
For all who knew him loſt a treaſure :
And thoſe who did not, miss'd a pleaſure.

Literary Notice.

PROPOSALS, are iſſued by Meſſrs. Hudſon & Goodwin, of Hartford, Conn. for publiſhing by ſubſcription, a ſeries of papers which originally appeared in the newſpapers, under the title of THE ECHO ; with other fugitive poetical pieces. The work will form a duodecimo volume, probably of between three and four hundred pages ; it will be handſomely printed and bound at *one Dollar*.

PUBLISHERS' ADDRESS.

TO thoſe who have read the newſpapers for ten years paſt, the title of this work will be familiar. The plan of it was probably original. It was at firſt intended to ridicule the pompous ſtyle of writing, which many of thoſe who contributed to the gazettes, had adopted. But, as the ſpirit of party progreſſed in the country, and every thing, became abſorbed in politics, the authors happening to be of one ſentiment, gave their pieces a political caſt. Intimately connected with THE ECHO, were the NEW-YEAR'S VERSES, which appeared from time to time, from the office of the *Connecticut Courant*. As all theſe publications have appeared only in the periſhable form of a hand-bill, or a newſpaper, a wiſh has been often expreſſed, that they might be publiſhed in a more ſecure and laſting form. To gratify this wiſh, the authors have agreed to correct the various pieces, to add the neceſſary explanatory notes, to write one or two additional numbers to THE ECHO, and to have the whole publiſhed in a volume. Subſcription papers will be ſent to various parts or the country, and the work will go to preſs, as ſoon as a ſufficient number of ſubſcribers appear to defray the expence of publiſhing.

☞ *Subſcriptions received at the Balance-Office.*

American Antiquities.

FROM THE AURORA.

SOME very extraordinary ſtructures have lately been diſcovered on the banks of the Little Miami river, ſtate of Ohio. They conſiſt of ſtructures bearing every evidence of an acquaintance with the arts of civilization and of ſcience, and from their great extent leave little room for enquiry as to the ancient ſtate of this continent, which ſets aſide all former hypotheſis.

Theſe works, conſidered as military fortifications, are not confined to one poſition, nor to that rude uniformity which diſtinguiſhes the works of unrefined nations.

The principal courſe of fortifications which are ſituated a few miles from the Ohio, are compoſed of a number of ſquares and oblong communications, adapted to the poſition of the gound ; ſeveral riſing banks and hills are choſen as points of defence ; and circular as well as rectangular ſtructures preſent themſelves ; which are connected by long chains of works—of various lengths from half a mile to a mile.

It is remarkable that the communication is preſerved and ſallyports open covered by interior breaſt works, adjoining the neighboring ſprings ; the ſides of the hills form a natural talus or glacis to the general range of the works, and a covert way is cut from each of the ſallyports to the ſprings. In one point where there is a ſpring ſomewhat diſtant from the main fortreſs a ſmall fortreſs appears—the ſize of the greater may be conceived by that of the leſs which forms a parallelogram of 662 —by 331 feet. The ſides of ſome of the ſquares are from 1000 to 2000 feet. And one of the communications extends to the diſtance of 2864 feet.

One of the moſt extraordinary of the diſcoveries of theſe antiquities, is what we call a *turnpike* road, formed of ſtone, which iſſues from one of the ſallyports of the greater fortification more than 20 feet wide and has been traced to the extent of three miles from the works, in good order.

Twenty miles above the greater fortification on the ſame river is another ſeries of works, upon ſimilar principles. There are no ditches to any, but great ingenuity is preceptible in the choice of poſitions and the application of art to the line of apparent defence.

A Mr. Ludlow found in one of the works an iron ball of 70 pounds weight, which has thrown great difficulty in the way of enquiry. May it not have been adventitiouſly placed there ? Or does it belong to the ancient works ?

Selected.

[To shew the good democrats of this state, how rapidly their brethren of Pennsylvania are reforming their system of jurisprudence, we have selected the two following articles for their consideration —The poor suitor must feel extremely obliged to the Legislature, for abolishing the trial by jury, and adopting, as a substitute, these *Referee Courts* and *Arbitration Laws*.

Edit. Bal.]

FROM THE LANCASTER JOURNAL.

A CURIOUS LAW-CASE.

Lancaster, Common Pleas—Febr. 11, 1804.

John Young's Admr's. vs. *John Boyd & John Anderson.* } Case, on a tavern-bill amounting to £. 51 11s. 10d.—being the *expence of a Reference* entered into by the two defendants, to determine a suit between them.

An ejectment was brought in the Common Pleas of Lancaster county, to August term 1797, by the lessee of John Anderson and others against John Boyd, for about six acres of land. At the November term following the parties agreed to *refer* all matters in dispute between them to seven persons, named in the agreement; and it was therein stipulated, that this agreement should be made a rule of court.

These *referees* (or some of them) had three several meeting, together with the parties and their witnesses, at the tavern of Mr. Young, in order to *audit* and *settle* all matters in dispute between the parties; viz. on the 21st, 22d & 23d days of May, the 22d and 23d days of June, and the 28th of July, 1798: when they finally broke up; leaving the business, submitted to their decision *unsettled* and a *Tavern-bill*, amounting to 137 dollars 68 cents, *for the parties to pay*.

To recover the amount of this tavern bill, an action was brought against the parties in the ejectment, to May term 1801. This cause was tried at the adjourned court of Common Pleas on the 11th of February instant; when the jury, conformible to the opinion of the court, gave a verdict for the plaintiff for the principal sum, with interest from the time of bringing the suit, and costs.

The ejectment is still depending *in court*.—Thus, after seven arbitrators, chosen by the parties, had met three several times, at intervals of a month between each period of meeting—after sitting at a tavern six days, for the purpose of *adjusting* the matter in controversy—after eating 108 meals—after drinking 61 ½ bottles of Madeira, 59 bottles of Porter, 7 ½ bowls of Punch, 7 ½ gills of Brandy, and 4 Slings (hay, and about 400 quarts of oats, for the horses, besides)—the dispute was left to be settled by a *jury*, in a court of law, as the parties originally intended. In the mean time, a jury of 12 men have determined, that the tavern-keeper shall be paid his 137 dls. 68 cents.—for the expences to which the parties to the ejectment were put by the referees, in *not* adjusting their dispute: And the court and jury settled this cause in a few hours—each *juror* receiving, as his compensation for this service, the sum of *one shilling*.

The history of this transaction furnishes the good people of Pennsylvania with a glorious specimen of the blessed effects of ARBITRATION!—This plain narration of *facts* ought to be posted up, at every corner of our streets, and at every cross-road throughout the state, as a *memento* to our citizens; and, as a *sample* of what they might expect, from such an engine of extortion, and oppression of the poor, as the thing called an adjustment bill!

Referees' Tavern-Bill for six days.

	£.	s.	d.
May 21st.			
20 Dinners	2	10	0
9 ½ Bottles Wine	3	11	3
16 Bottles Porter	1	10	0
5 Suppers	0	9	4½
4 Lodgings	0	2	—
4 Nights hay for Horse	0	7	6
98 Quarts Oats	1	4	6
May 22d.			
14 ½ Bottles Wine	5	8	9
17 Bottles Porter	2	10	7½
15 Dinners	1	17	6
7 ½ Gills Brandy	0	6	10½
12 Suppers	1	2	6
156 Quarts Oats	1	19	0
5 Lodgings	0	3	0
4 Cold Breakfasts	0	5	0
May 23d.			
5 Nights Hay for Horse	0	9	4½
1 Pint of Wine	0	3	9
6 Eggs	0	0	6
4 Breakfasts	0	7	6
20 Quarts Oats	0	5	0
June 22d, 23d.			
11 Dinners	0	19	6
19 ½ Bottles Wine	7	6	3
26 Bottles Porter	2	8	9
6 Bowls Punch	1	2	6
3 Glasses do.	0	5	7½
11 Suppers	1	0	7½
5 Lodgings	0	3	0
Hay	0	18	9
7 Breakfasts	0	13	2½
3 Mint Slings	0	2	4
5 Gills Brandy	0	4	7
114 Quarts Oats	1	8	6
July 23d.			
18 Dinners	2	5	0
1 Madeira Sling	0	2	4
17 ½ Bottles Wine	6	11	3
2 Gills Brandy	0	1	10½
Hay & Oats	1	3	2
Total	51	11	0

Extract from the record of the court of common pleas of the county of Northampton, (Pennsylvania) in a case brought up by certiorari, returnable January, 1804.

Barbara Koch, versus *John Koch.* } Debt not exceeding 40 shillings.

Summons issued September 3d, 1803, same day judgment, and execution for the £ 1 10 0 debt, cost £ 0 11 11, September 24th, 1803, judgment opened and referred to three men.

I certify that the cost as returned by the record of the justice which accrued in the above case, while the same was depending before the justice and referees, are as follows:

	£		
Cost before the justice for him, constable and witness	£ 3	5	0
Cost for the first referees, 3 men at one dollar each	1	2	6
Tavern bill	0	13	6
Cost for the last referees, four days sitting each one dollar	4	10	0
Tavern bill & witnesses' charges	2	10	0
The 1st and 2d day's tavern bill	2	16	0
£	14	17	0

Be it our weekly task,
To note the passing tidings of the times.

Hudson, *March* 13, 1804.

☞ *ERRATA.*

The date in the first page of this day's Balance, should be March 13th, instead of 15th.

☞ The particulars of the late Fire at Norfolk, will be given in our next.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

The ſhip Mancheſter, Capt. Hall, arrived at New-York, on the 6th inſt. in 52 days from Liverpool. By this arrival, Engliſh accounts to the 9th January, have been received. They furniſh nothing material. The invaſion had not taken place; "and it would appear (ſays the Evening Poſt) to be a more correct view of it to ſay, that it ſeems not to have been entirely given up, than thatit may ſeriouſly be expected."

On the night of Friday the 21 inſt. periſhed in the ſnow, near the city of Schenectady, Mr. SIMEON SCHUYLER, of Minden, in the county of Montgomery. The circumſtances of this melancholy event, are thus related—Mr. Schuyler, together with a black man from his neighborhood, left Mr. Shield's houſe in the above city, ſometime in the evening, on their way to Albany, and with great difficulty reached a ſmall cottage, at the diſtance of about half a mile, where they turned out their horſes and concluded to put up for the night. The ſituation however was incommodious, and the ſtage-driver arriving ſhortly after in diſtreſs, left his ſleigh, and prevailed on the man of the houſe to pilot him into the city—Mr. Schuyler followed, but ſeveral times loſt the road, and was put right by the pilot, who at length found him ſo far exhauſted that he was forced to abandon him; and as no relief could be obtained he was obliged to yield to the impetuoſity of the tempeſt: where he and one of his horſes were found dead in the morning—the other having made his way into the city. The black man prudently remained in the cottage till morning.—

[*Albany Gazette.*]

We underſtand, ſays the Centinel, that another man periſhed in the ſnow the ſame evening, about five miles above Schenectady.

On Sunday morning the 12th ult. about ſix o'clock, the ſouthern double range of brick ſtores on Roper's wharf, in the city of Charleſton, was diſcovered to be on fire. The flames had got to ſo conſiderable a height before they were diſcovered, that it was impoſſible to get them under before the whole of the range was burnt or pulled down. That wharf and its ſtores are in the poſſeſſion of Meſſrs. Waring & Smith, factors; the ſtores contained near a thouſand barrels of rice, and upwards of ſeven hundred bales of ſtaple cotton; of the former it is ſuppoſed upwards of four hundred barrels are deſtroyed and near four hundred bales of the latter. The property belonged to different planters and merchants; the eaſtern end of the range was occupied by Meſſrs. Waring & Smith, Mr. Thomas Ball and Meſſrs. Alex. & John Corrie, as counting houſes; nothing was ſaved out of theſe but their papers and books. We have no information to ſay poſitively to what this unfortunate circumſtance is owing; however there is no reaſon to believe it was done deſignedly.

We cannot now preſent an exact account of the loſſes nor the names of the owners of the property, but we underſtand the greateſt looſers are Meſſrs. Nathaniel Hayward, J. & W. B. Mitchael, Gordon & Miller and Col. Fiſhburn, Meſſrs. Waring and Smith are alſo very conſiderable ſufferers.

An attempt was made on the following night to ſet fire to the houſe of Mrs. Cochran, on Eaſt-Bay. The incendiaries had made an opening underneath the back door, where a new ſill had recently been placed, and putting in the fire, it rapidly communicated to an inſide glaſs pannel door, and had riſen to an alarming height, when the cracking of the glaſs fortunately awoke the family; and the alarm being promptly given, the flames were, with great exertion, extinguiſhed. A negro man and woman have been committed on ſuſpicion.

[*Mercantile Advertiſer.*]

Captain Fairchilds, who arrived at this port yeſterday in the brig Ann from Aux Cayes, informs us, that on the 21ſt of January about 70 white inhabitants, were maſſacred by the brigands, and thrown into the river, ſaid to be in conſequence of the commander having received intelligence that General Deſſalines might be daily expected there from Port-au-Prince to replace him; and that he (the commander) had determined to uſe his power, ſo long as it ſhould be continued to him, in revenging the injuries of the blacks. The preſent Government had fitted out a privateer ſchooner of four guns and 100 men, and laid an embargo on all veſſels in port until ſhe was completed and ready for a cruize.

Accounts had reached Aux Cayes two or three days previous to the ſailing of captain Fairchild, that the powder magazine at Port-au-Prince had been blown up, ſuppoſed by the whites; and that all the white inhabitants with the exception of ſix had been maſſacred.

[*Ibid.*]

NEW LONDON, FEB. 29.

The ſchoner Gladiator, Manning, maſter, of this port, during the violent ſnow ſtorm, on the 23d inſt. was compelled to come to anchor off the Gull-Iſland. She parted her cables at 8 P. M. and went on ſhore on the eaſt ſide of the weſtern point of Gardiner's Iſland. On the following morning, the captain and ſome of the people, went on ſhore in ſearch of a houſe which they fortunately found. After they had gone, the mate, (Caleb Williams, jun. of Groton) who was left on board with a boy, went on ſhore and periſhed in the ſnow. John Colloden, the cook, died in the fore-peak.

FOREIGN.

LONDON, JAN. 5.

The ſignal flying at Deal on Tueſday evening, was in conſequence of thirty of the enemy's gun-boats having come out of Calais. Our cruiſers immediately ſailed, and a heavy firing was heard yeſterday morning till ten P. M. it then ceaſed. Soon afterwards a more diſtant firing was heard. No particulars have yet been received, we ſuppoſe that the firing proceeded from an attack of our cruiſers upon their gun-boats in their paſſage from Calais to Boulogne. It is certain that very confident expectations are entertained along our whole line coaſt, of an attempt being made by the enemy. Yet the froſty weather that has juſt ſet in, muſt we ſhould think, impede all the operations in the Dutch rivers.

JANUARY 9.

We have juſt ſeen a letter from an Engliſh gentleman who has lately made his eſcape from Fontainbleau and remained boldly at Paris a fortnight by means of a national cockade, and a perfect knowledge of the language, from whence he is now returning via Germany. He ſays, "from the information I was able to collect at Paris, that city is in a great ferment, on account of Bonaparte's meaſures to gratify his ambition. The conſcripts are refractory. The old veterans ſpeak againſt the expedition, and ſay that they would not embark to be butchered. The Conſul is not liked; he has thouſands of enemies, and I think the oppoſition will ſhortly ſhew itſelf; murmurs and complaints multiply, and arreſtations are very frequent. It is the opinion of the wiſer part of the people ſtill, that the expedition will not take place. Nothing is ready, and all that large army on the coaſt is placed there only to intimidate the Engliſh, if I may uſe the expreſſion. They are ſtill building gun-boats at New-Briſack on the Rhine, but very ſlowly.

PARIS, DEC. 16.

The expedition againſt England, it is ſaid, will be carried into effect in the month of January.

The Firſt Conſul is ſtill here, but part of his equipage has already been ſent to the coaſt.

The Wreath.

NATIVE POETRY.

[With pride and pleasure, we cull the following effusion to bedeck our Wreath—with pride, because the author is a young American—with pleasure, because we wish to shew how much we admire a man, *as a poet*, whom we are compelled to consider, *politically*, as our enemy. Edit. Bal.]

EXTRACT

From an unfinished Dramatic Manuscript.

BY SELLECK OSBORN.

I MET, as near the forest skirts I stray'd,
A remnant of a man; wooing the gloom
Of twilight shade, congenial to his soul.
He threw askance a look of wild reproach,
That seem'd to say, "avaunt! unkind intruder,
These haunts are consecrated to DESPAIR!"
Then turning, sought the bosom of the wood.
I follow'd him, aloof; and oft observ'd
His comely, though emaciated form,
Alternate, gliding 'neath the hemlock boughs,
Or slowly climbing o'er the craggy steep.
At length, beneath a huge and shelving rock
He sat him down; its high projecting brow
A hemlock met, whose thick entangled limbs
Flung o'er the ground beneath a sombrous shade—
And near the root, in subterraneous course,
A grumbling streamlet flow'd, whose hollow sound
Rose through the crannies of the broken earth—
"Fit temple of despair!" he said, and then
With eyes that gleam'd a sullen satisfaction,
He view'd the gloomy scene. "Here, haggard fiend,
Thou sitst, enthron'd, in ghastly majesty—
Here will I raise an altar, and thereon
Lay these weak limbs, a wretched sacrifice!"
Then from his bosom he a phial drew,
And view'd it with a grim hysteric smile—
"Oh! precious draught!" he said—"thou art, to me,
"Like a cool fountain to a thirsty pilgrim—
"Thy cordial pow'r shall lull the rankling pain
"That wrings my tortur'd heart!" Then to his lips
He rais'd, with eager hand, the deadly potion.
"Hold! wretched man!" I cry'd—and rushing forth,
Seiz'd his rash hand—while with a ghastly stare,
He ey'd me, as an evil genius, sent
To cross the fondest purpose of his soul.
His cheeks were lean and haggard, and he seem'd
A wreck of man, a monument of woe!
(I saw him once, in happier days, when joy
Beam'd in each feature, and the admiring world
Deny'd him not the early wreath of fame—
But, in a sanguine moment of his youth,
Evil Dissipation led his steps astray—
Then did no friend, with mild solicitude,
Reach out a gentle hand, to stay his course,
Or to restore him to the path of virtue—
Then, lorn and destitute, he keenly felt
The scorn of an uncharitable world—
Whose cool reproach, and frown contemptuous, weigh'd
His spirit down, and drove him to despair!)
I press'd his hand, and with a tender smile
Proffer'd my service—and, while yet I spoke,
I saw a tear roll down his faded cheek,
Which was a stranger there—for scorching grief
Had dry'd, long since, the moisture of his eyes.
And then methought I saw a gleam of hope,
Borne in a languid smile, illume his face—
A gradual increasing smile, which seem'd
Like the returning of the vernal sun,
Which comes to chase the wintery cloud away,
And bid reviving nature bloom again!

* * * *

And now, with health and happiness elate,
He lives, to virtue and to friendship true—
Oft with the grateful music of his thanks,
He serenades my ear—and blesses oft
The guardian pow'r that led my curious steps
To the intended scene of self destruction.
Now do I feel more pride, in having thus
Restor'd, a youth, from misery and vice
To virtue's path—his sorrows sooth'd, and pour'd
The balm of friendship on his wounded heart—
Pluck'd from his breast the canker of despair,
And planted hope's delightful promise there,
Than I should feel to rule the state alone,
Or wade, through bleeding millions, to a throne!

EPITAPH.

ON MR. THOMAS ALL.

READER, beneath this marble lies
All that was noble, good, and wise;
All that once was form'd on earth,
All that was of mortal birth;
All that liv'd above the ground,
May within this grave be found:
If you have lost or great or small,
Come here and weep, for here lies All.
Then smile at death, enjoy your mirth,
Since he has took his all from earth.

Diversity.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

A CELEBRATED Lawyer in this State riding through a country town, stopped at a cottage to inquire his way:—the old woman of the house told him he must keep on straight for some way, and then turn to the right; but said that she herself was a going to pass the road that he must take, and that if he would wait a few moments till she could get her horse ready, she would show him the way. "Well (said he) bad company is better than none—make haste." After jogging on 5 or 6 miles, the gentleman asked if they had not yet come to the road that he must take:—*Oh yes* (said she) *we passed it two or three miles back; but I thought* bad company better than none, *so I kept you along with me!* [*Salem Gaz.*]

NEAT COMPLIMENT.

WALLER, an English poet, made in a very good Latin poem, an excellent panegyric upon Cromwell, whilst he was protector. Charles II. being restored in 1660, Waller waited upon him with a copy of verses, which he had made in his praise. The King having read them, told him that he had made better for Oliver; to which Waller replied, *Please your Majesty*, we poets succeed better in fiction than in truth.

THALES, the Milesian, one of the seven wise men of Greece, being asked what was the oldest thing? he answered, that God was; because he has ever been; what was the handsomest thing? he said the World was; because it is the work of God; what was the largest thing? Space, because it comprehends every thing: What was the best thing? Virtue, replied he; because, without it, nothing that is good can be said or done; what was the easiest thing? to give advice to others; what was the hardest thing? to know one's self.

TERMS OF THE BALANCE, FOR 1804.

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A handsome Title Page and Table of Contents will accompany the last number of the volume.

Advertisements inserted in a handsome and conspicuous manner, in the *Advertiser* which accompanies the Balance.

NOTE.

The first and second Volumes of the Balance, may be had on the following terms:—

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Second Volume,	- -	$ 2, 50
Both Volumes,	- -	$ 4

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